E.T.! ARCHIE BUNKER! DR. DOOM'S GAME OF DEATH!

A MARVEL MAGAZINE

CRAZY®

FEB.
No. 93
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R.I.P.
PICK A CARD
CHALLENGE
PICK A CARD
CHALLENGE
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PLACE CARDS HERE
CHALLENGE
G
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PICK A CARD
PICK A CARD
CHALLENGE
R.I.P.

PICK A CARD
CHALLENGE
START HERE
BRAD'S ROUTE
MICHAEL'S ROUTE
STEVE'S ROUTE
SEYMOUR'S ROUTE

STAN LEE presents

CRAZY®

Vol. 1 No. 93
February 1983

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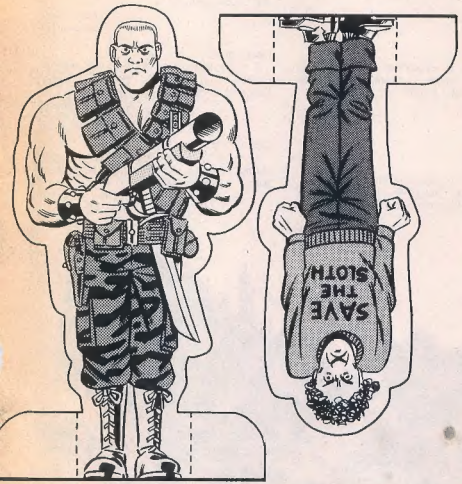
JIM SHOOTER *editor-in-chief of inordinately tall things*
WRITERS AND ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:
an usually obstreperous bunch of berserker buffoons



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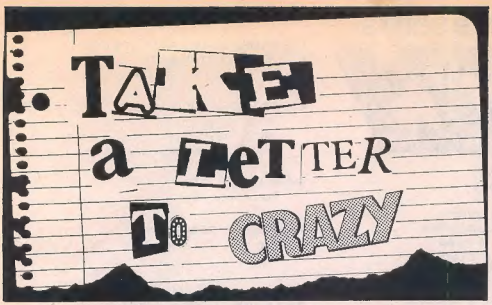


THE LARRY BARROWS LETTERS

Dear Crazy,

This is yet another letter from your pal Larry. Read and enjoy. I just know you will.

To begin:

It has come to my attention that in about six issues you guys will be reaching that milestone that magazines dream of someday reaching, the 100th issue of your rag's existence. I must request one favor... don't put Obnoxio on the cover! That clown has been an egotistical hog on the cover ever since I can remember; he all but eliminated that poor old whatever who used to appear each month. So, to end this long and drawn out masterpiece of fan mail, I ask you to do away with the clown and do in with the... the... well, you know who I'm talkin' about. Put him back where he belongs... at least for the 100th issue.

Your Pal
Larry Barrows
Definitely in Lousiana

Dear Crazy,

I just finished reading issue #90. I mean, wow! That *"Kiljoy..."* was something else! I loved it!

Oh, and I wanted to ask you how old Larry Barrows is and if he's available? And can you ask him to write me? Thanks.

Sabrina Gollotte
3730 Auba Club Rd.
Mobile, AL. 36605

Dear Crazy,

This is my first letter to you. I would like to say that *"Kiljoy..."* was a simply barbaric rendition, by crud, and the artwork was fab. I loved it. By the way, who the hades is Larry Barrows? Why does he get his name in big, black, bold letters?

Also, is Aix Rankus of Ft. Worth, TX. out there? *Dungeons & Dragons* fans are hard to find out here, keep the spirit. Can I contact you through a local gypsy, or are you in seclusion? How about Aix gives his address?

Kara Vilbrandt
Newbury Park, CA.

Dear Crazy,

This is my third letter. I'm getting to be like Larry Barrows. boy, is he greedy.

Cindy Wyman
Potts Camp, MS.

THE BURNING POINT

Dear Crazy,

I've always enjoyed your movie parodies, but please don't do one on *E.T.* It's been quite awhile since America has seen a movie that makes us both laugh and cry, so please, don't do anything to it.

Jeffrey Blackshear
Little Rock, AR

P.S.–Leave *Mega Force* alone, too.

Okay, Jeff. We promise. Snicker snicker —Ed.

Dear Crazy,

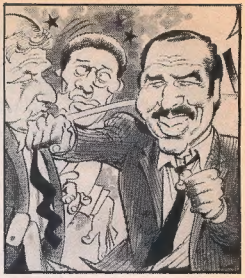
I like your magazine; it's really great. Especially *"Shakey's Mashing"* and *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"*.

Maria Percaccio
Fairless Hills, PA

Dear Crazy,

I love your magazine! Issue #89 was terrific! I liked *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"*, *"Shakey's Mashing"*, and everything in between.

Kit Lively
Lewisville, TX



Dear Crazy,

I think you are really crazy to print this magazine, especially that dumb *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"*. How stupid can you get, and that story about the *Teen Hulk* it doesn't make no sense the whole magazine just stunk, I'd rather buy *Mad* or *Cracked*.

Richard Fitzgerald
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Crazy,

I liked everything in your book. I didn't understand *Teen Hulk*. I mostly liked *"Quest for 3rd Degree Burns"*.

Neal Hontz
Wathena, KS

Dear Crazy,

I really liked issue #89, it was terrific! Especially your *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"* and *"Shakey's Mashing"*!

Chris Hilton
Candia, N.H.

Dear Crazy,

In issue #89 I think *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"* was the most boring thing I ever read. *Aunty Nuke* was trashy.

Sammy Caraballo
Brooklyn,, N.Y.

OBNOXIO'S ABUSE COLUMN

THE SUGGESTION BOX

Dear Crazy,

I think your magazine is okay except for *Teen Hulk*, *Crazy Gross Encounters*, and *Aunty Nuke*. If you took these out of your magazine and replaced them with *"The Brownstones"* or something, the magazine would be great.

Kori Maki Adair
Wetaskiwin, Canada

Dear Crazy,

I think you are the greatest thing since *Atari*.

Hugh Rodman
Indianapolis, IN

Dear Crazy,

I really enjoy your magazine to the max. But, since you have almost every other article in *Crazy*, why don't you add a little x-rated drawings and articles!!! It will bring about a big boost in sales, I'm sure!!!

R.B.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Maybe so, R.B., but what would our mothers say...? Ed.

Dear Crazy,

I think *"Quest For 3rd Degree Burns"* stunk.

Andrea Jones
Cincinnati, OH

Dear Crazy,

I just recently got my copy of issue #89 and couldn't believe it. What's the matter with you guys?! *Teen Hulk*'s getting dumber every issue, and *"Shakey's Mashing"* was more sleep-inducing than reruns of *Dallas*! After reading your parody of *Quest For Fire*, I made a quest for the trash can! Let's see if we can do it a little bit better next time, okay guys?

Lauren Green
Chattanooga, TN

CODOR'S COMMERCIALS

Dear Crazy, Magazine,

If I had a trophy I would give it to you for being the funniest magazine in the world, especially the T.V. commercial parodies on the back cover.

Tammie Key
Winder, GA

Dear Crazy,

I just bought my first issue of Crazy, and I loved it. I thought your *"Commercials That Drive You Crazy"* feature was the funniest thing I ever saw.

Dean Ankouny
Dearborn, MI

Dear Crazy,

I liked your magazine so much I subscribed. But it's driving me crazy since you stopped doing T.V. parodies. Why did you stop doing T.V. satires?

Sean F. Leonard
Evanston, IL

Well, Sean, we think T.V.'s funny enough just the way it is... Ed.

Dear Crazy,

Don't take the clown out of *Crazy*, he's the best. I never liked Crazy 'till I saw the clown. He's mean and dirty and grisly...my kinda guy.

Tony Roland
Henon, AR

Dear Crazy,

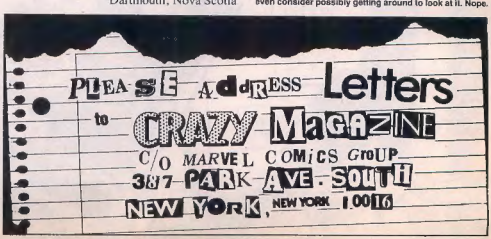
I really hate your magazine. The art is terrible, and you certainly don't stand a chance trying to outsell *Mad* or *Cracked*. What in the world do Obnoxio's *"Fun Pages"* have to do with humor? The only times I ever buy your magazine is when I'm in a second hand store, and now that I've tried *Crazy* I'm definitely going to stay with *Mad* Magazine, my favorite.

Colin Dennis
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Let's face it. The situation is pathetic. The quality of abuse in the last few months has deteriorated to epithetical diatribes of the pre-nursery school level. Cut me some slack! I've seen more imaginative vituperation going down in the Orangutan Pit of the Bronx Zoo! The last scene of Hamlet is funnier. Compared to most abuse letter writers, Yasir Arafat is a world class wit. I mean, I get twenty letters in a row cutting me down for lack of brains and the word "brains" is spelled wrong! It's extremely difficult to take seriously abuse letters written with orange Crayola on Holly Hobbie stationery! Hey! We're not talking brain damage here, we're talking serious non-usage of available brain tissue and subsequent atrophy thereof! You've got to exercise that muscle lodged in your cranial cavity and put some intellectual activity behind the abuse or else it's little better than a Nyaa-Nyaa contest between pinheads and hocky fans. So get with the program. Sheesh. This is the second time I've had to do this and it's made me so upset I dropped my dialect... —O.T.C.

Address all hate mail to "Obnoxio's Abuse Column" c/o the address below (and if you send us your picture, he'll make fun of that, too!). —Ed.

Warning: Sending letters to this column indicates the sender's willingness to be abused. Publicly. Where all the sender's friends and relatives can see. Yup. Right here. And, if you don't include your name and address, we won't even consider possibly getting around to look at it. Nope.



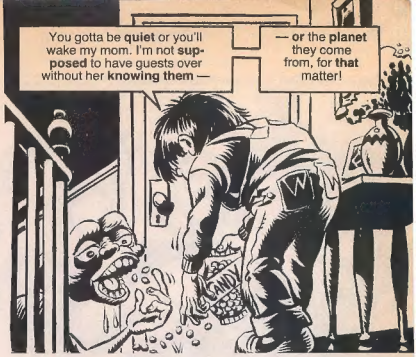
Let's hear it for Steven Spielberg, the big hit-maker of Hollywood. Seems everything that guy touches turns to gold... well, except for "1941," but nobody mentions **that** turkey! "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," "Jaws," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and "Poltergeist." Yep, that guy's figured out how to mint money, 'cause if you know how, it's...

E.Z.

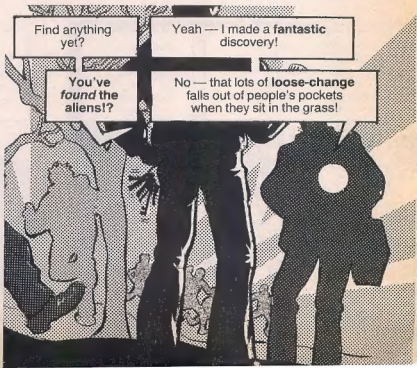
Writer: Paul Kupperberg Artist: Bob Camp

Eddiot! Are you out there in the back-yard in the middle of the night **again?**
Yes mother!
How many times have I told you **not** to do that! You'll catch your **death** of cold... or do you **still** claim you saw the **bogey-man** out there?
Er... not **exactly,** Mom. Say, Mom... how'd you feel about me having a **pet** — ?
OOPS! BAD TIMING!

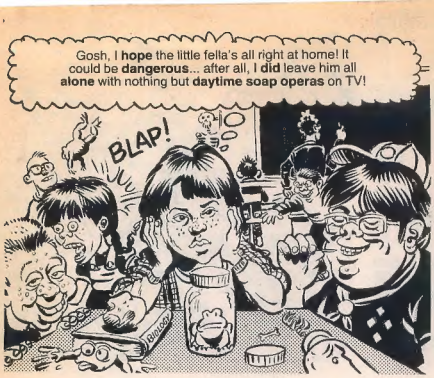
Sigh! I **told** you when you asked for a **kid sister,** that was the end of **that,** young man! Now come to bed!
Hoo-kay... but I don't know **where** I'm gonna hide your **kitty-litter box,** little guy!
PLAYBOY

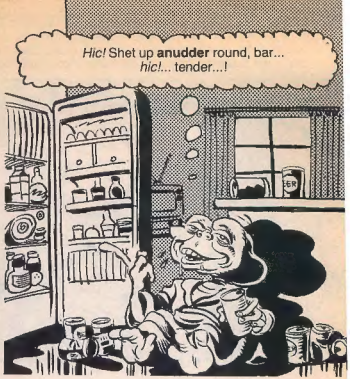

You gotta be **quiet** or you'll wake my mom. I'm not **supposed** to have guests over without her **knowing them** —
— **or** the **planet** they come from, for **that** matter!

gobble eat yum-yum slurp
Er... you sure I can't get you some **ketchup**... or a bromo?


Find anything yet?
Yeah — I made a **fantastic** discovery!
You've *found* the aliens!?
No — that lots of **loose-change** falls out of people's pockets when they sit in the grass!

You're going to have to **stay home** from school today, Eddiot. I **told** you you'd catch a cold from being outdoors all night!
Gosh, what a **hard-ship!**
Now you stay in bed while I'm at work. And get **rid** of that **doll,** son — it's the **ugliest** thing I've **ever seen!**
KEEPING GERTRUDE'S BRAINS TOGETHER SINCE 1947
R-right, Mom!
Down, boy! **Heel!**
We're all **alone** now, guy. It's time I started introducing you to Earth-like stuff. See **this?** Know what that is? Take a **guess** now!
Yep... right — it's **lunch.** Hoo-boy — wotta **dummy!**
CRUNCH!
All right, you guys — I'm going to show you something so **incredible,** you're not going to **believe** it. But you've gotta promise **not** to tell Mom!
Are you hiding those **magazines** under your mattress **again,** Eddiot?
Uh-uh, Kvetchen ...it's even **better** than **that!**
There **ain't** nothing better than **that,** kid!
Wanna **bet? Look** — !
Huh? You don't want us to tell Mom you're keeping a **garbage disposal** in your room...?


Gosh, I **hope** the little fella's all right at home! It could be **dangerous**... after all, I **did** leave him all **alone** with nothing but **daytime soap operas** on TV!
BLAP!

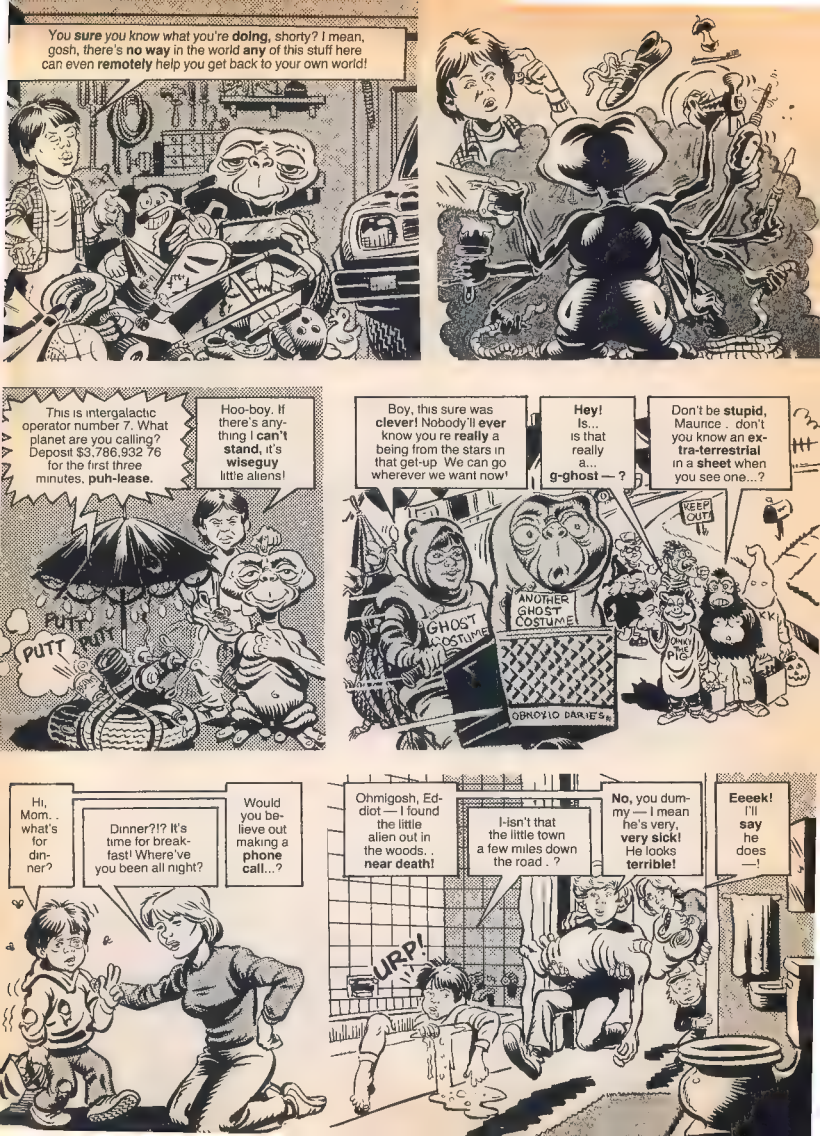

Hic! Shet up **anudder** round, bar... *hic!*... tender...!

Hic! Gimme one more f'the... *hic!*... road...!
Gee — we don't get very many **drunk kids** in here, Eddie!
Yeah, an' at... *hic!*... **these** prices, y'ain't likely ta... *hic!*... get **any more**...!
ET GO HOME!

Ninty-nine bottles'a... *hic!* ...beeer'n th' wall... *hic!* ...Hey y'know... this planet ain't **half** bad... *hic!*...!
...can you say, "Direct dialing"? Sure. I **knew** that you could.

Gosh... what's **happening** to me? I have a **sudden** overwhelming urge to put on a pair of **house-slippers** and a **cardigan**—
BLAP!

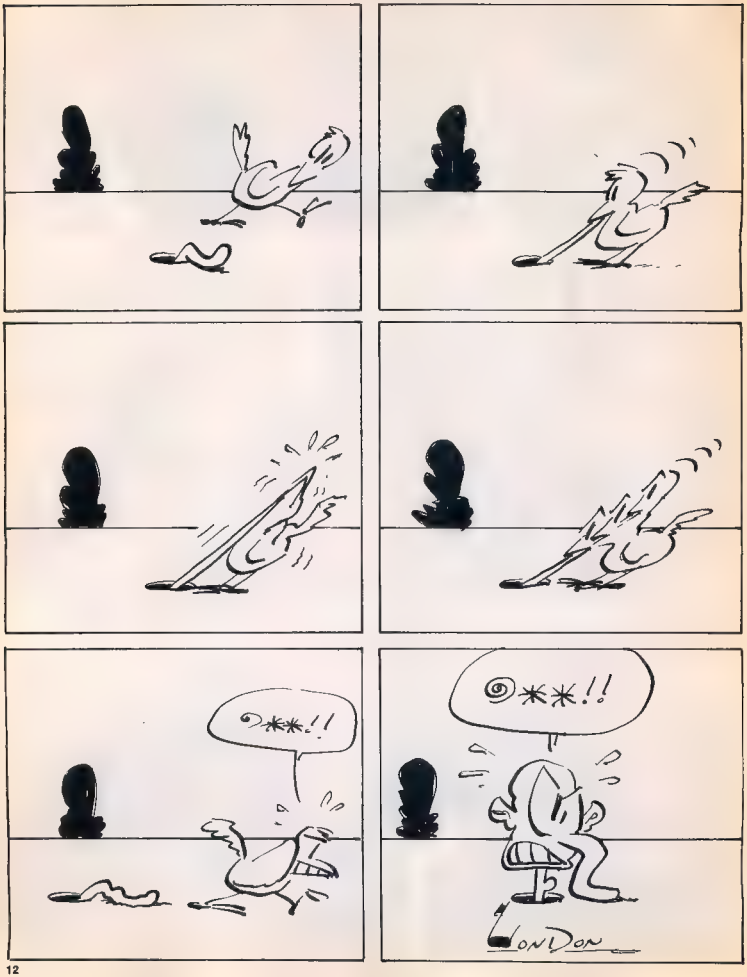
Herro... **herro?** This is operator... Tokyo. Who you wanna talk to, buster?
Must be **something** about this gadget I ain't figured out yet!


You sure you know what you're doing, shorty? I mean, gosh, there's no way in the world any of this stuff here can even remotely help you get back to your own world!
This is intergalactic operator number 7. What planet are you calling? Deposit $3,786,932 76 for the first three minutes, puh-lease.
Hoo-boy. If there's anything I can't stand, it's wiseguy little aliens!
PUTT
PUTT
PUTT
Boy, this sure was clever! Nobody'll ever know you're really a being from the stars in that get-up We can go wherever we want now!
Hey! Is... is that really a... g-ghost — ?
Don't be stupid, Maurice . don't you know an extra-terrestrial in a sheet when you see one...?
KEEP OUT
GHOST COSTUME
ANOTHER GHOST COSTUME
OBNOXIO DARIE'S
Hi, Mom. . what's for dinner?
Dinner?!? It's time for breakfast! Where've you been all night?
Would you believe out making a phone call...?
Ohmigosh, Eddiot — I found the little alien out in the woods. . near death!
I-isn't that the little town a few miles down the road . ?
No, you dummy — I mean he's very, very sick! He looks terrible!
Eeeek! I'll say he does —!
URP!

Lissen — there's something **weird** going on here, mister!
Relax, ma'am, we know. Your son has befriended an alien being from another planet.
Oh is **that** what that is—! Whew! For a minute, I thought they'd moved the **Love Canal** into the neighborhood!
W-will he be alright? Poor Eddiot looks so pale... it's so **hard** for him to **breath** ..!
Listen, you'd have trouble breathing **too** if they'd stuck you into a **giant baggie!**
Er, Doctor... there's **something** I think you ought to know... pssst pssst hssssst!
O-kay, folks Let's **pack it up**... I just found out this little freeloader doesn't have any **Blue Cross!**
I-I'm sorry, little guy. I guess I really blew things, huh? We were friends and I couldn't protect you from them
I...guess that just proves something basic and fundamental about Earth ...you **gotta** have **health insurance!**
BASKIN-ROBBINS
ICE CREAM
Waitaminnit... you're **not** dead! Y-you were **kidding** them! Gosh that's **swell,** little guy! You really pulled the wool over their eyes, huh?
B-but how are we gonna get you to **safety** — ?
What'd you **think,** dummy? We're aliens of an **advanced** race... we'll just **wipe out all** 'a **them pain-in-the-neck research guys**! Heh heh!
Oboyoboy! Can **I** get one 'a them for **myself** for **Christmas** — !?
END

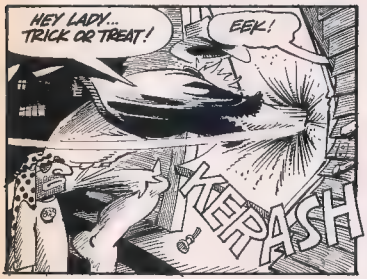
CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 1

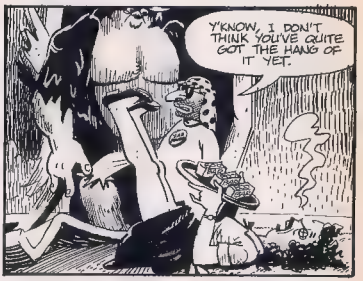
THE BIRD



JUST BECAUSE IT'S HALLOWEEN, COUSIN CHESTER GETS ALL SCARED.' I MEAN, HE HEARS ONE OWL HOOT, AND OFF HE GOES...
...RUNNIN' LIKE HIS UNDERWEAR WAS ON FIRE.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?* YOU JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR, SAY, "TRICK OR TREAT", AND SOME LADY COMES OUT AND GIVES YOU CANDY.
YEAH... TEEN HULK REMEMBER...
*BOBBY TRIED TO TEACH TEEN HULK HOW TO TRICK-OR-TREAT IN CRAZY NO. 69 —ED.





DUE TO A PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO A DEMENTED DENTIST'S GAMMA RAY CAVITY DECODER, CRAVEN NERD ***CHESTER WEEMS*** *FINDS HIMSELF IN MOMENTS OF DIRE HUMILIATION, TRANSFORMED INTO A* ***TUNDRA TOPPED TITAN*** *KNOWN AS...*

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

TEEN HULK!™

Story by Jim Owsley

Art and Lettering by Gary Hallgren

HUH... WHATCHA DOIN'?
I'M TRYIN' TO GET MY HEX WORKING... BUT IT'S NO USE.

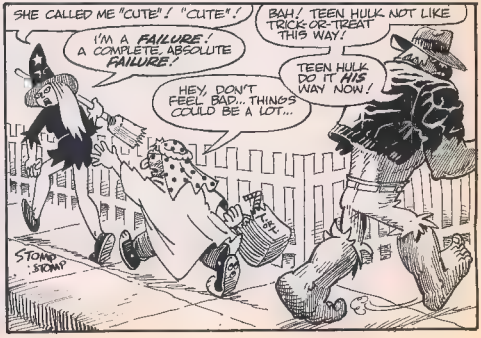
I'M JUST NO GOOD AT THIS WITCH STUFF... I CAN'T CAST SPELLS, I CAN'T SEEM TO SCARE ANYBODY...
... AND I ABSOLUTELY HATE FROGS! YECCH!
AWW, C'MON... THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS WITCHES!

LISTEN, THERE'S NO SENSE IN JUST SITTING AROUND COME TRICK-OR-TREATING WITH US.
WELL, MAYBE I CAN SCARE SOMEBODY AT LEAST!

UH... I'LL KNOCK ON THE DOOR THIS TIME, BUDDY...

MY... WHAT A CUTE LITTLE WITCH!

I CAN'T STAND IT!
FIT!
SPUT
GRUURR


SHE CALLED ME "CUTE"! "CUTE"!
I'M A FAILURE! A COMPLETE, ABSOLUTE FAILURE!
HEY, DON'T FEEL BAD.. THINGS COULD BE A LOT...
BAH! TEEN HULK NOT LIKE TRICK-OR-TREAT THIS WAY!
TEEN HULK DO IT HIS WAY NOW!
STOMP STOMP

...WORSE.
HIYA, SHRIMP. WHO'S THE DOLL-FACE?
HEY, LADY!
KERR-ASH!
HELTER SKELTER

MY NAME IS PRUDENCE, SLEAZE-BAG.
YEAH? MINE'S BRUNO.
SNATCH
TRICK OR TREAT
HEY.. LEGGO, YA JERK!

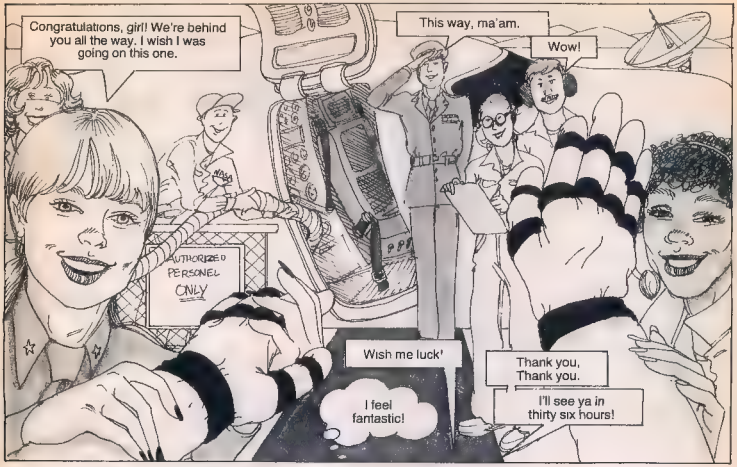
SMUT-CH!
HEY,, YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
TH' QUESTION IS, TWERP,..
WHO'S GONNA STOP US?

SO LONG, SAPS!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
PFUI
YEECCH
BFUT
UGH
BLEAH
FEH
PTOO
GROSS!
THAT,, THAT.. CREEP!

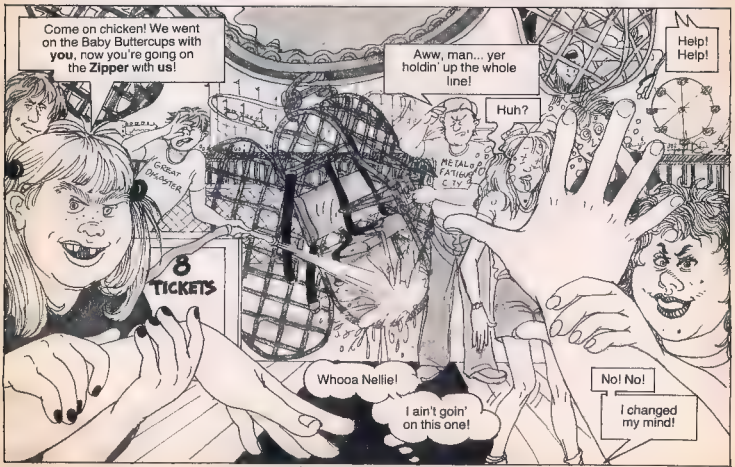
... AN' I HAD A WHOLE BUNCH OF THESE LITTLE PURPLE CHEWY THINGS... AN' TONS OF THE CHOCOLATE SQUISHY ONES...
I'M GONNA ZAP HIM!
HEX POWER, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

MEANWHILE...
TEEN HULK SEE WHAT YOU DO TO BOY AND WITCH.
TEEN HULK NOT LIKE.
HOTTER SKELTER
LISSEN, PAL... CAN'T WE TALK DIS OVER?
YEEOWTCH!
TEEN HULK DO DOUBLE DRIBBLE!
TEEN HULK MAKE JOKE.
WHY YOU NOT LAUGH?
BAPPITY BAP BAPPITY BAP
SHORTLY...
...AND I'M AWFUL SORRY I DID THAT TO YA... AN' HE'S SORRY FOR TAKIN' TH' SHRIMP'S CANDY...
TRICK OR TREAT
MOW! I DID IT! MY "ZAP" REALLY WORKS!
CHESTER! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?
YOU MISSED IT ALL! THERE WAS THE BIG GREEN GUY... AND BRUNO... AND THIS GIRL WHO THINKS SHE'S A WITCH...
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS WITCHES, RIGHT, COUSIN CHESTER?
HEY, GUYS CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND...?
NOW THAT I'VE GOT THIS THING STARTED, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE BRAKES ARE!
SAM HALLER
EWL

THE HIGH FLYING FANTASY...


Congratulations, girl! We're behind you all the way. I wish I was going on this one.
This way, ma'am.
Wow!
AUTHORIZED PERSONEL ONLY
Wish me luck!
I feel fantastic!
Thank you, Thank you.
I'll see ya in thirty six hours!

...AND THE TERRIFYING REALITY


Come on chicken! We went on the Baby Buttercups with **you**, now you're going on the **Zipper** with **us**!
Aww, man... yer holdin' up the whole line!
Huh?
Help! Help!
GREAT ROLLER COASTER
MEXICALI CITY
8 TICKETS
Whooa Nellie!
I ain't goin' on this one!
No! No!
I changed my mind!

Writer and Artist: Mary Wilshire

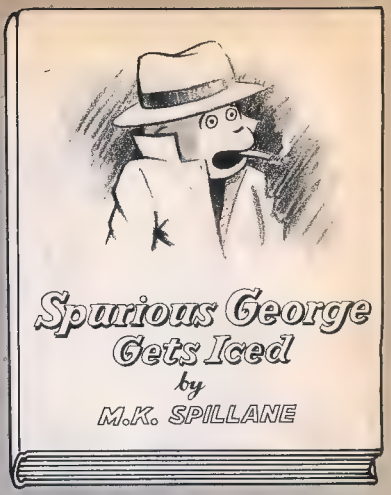
Sure, we've all read at least one of the little monkey detective's case books:

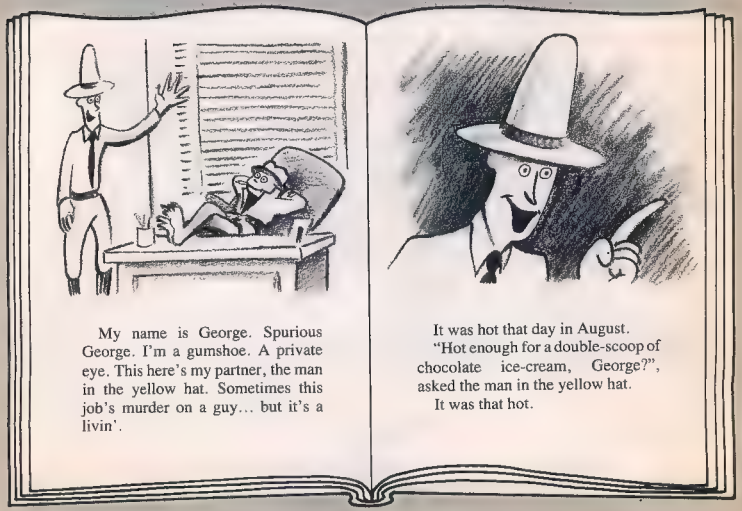
Spurious George Solves a Crime
Spurious George Takes a Life
Spurious George Flies an AWACS Spy Plane
Spurious George Dehydrates
Spurious George Sucks an Egg

Next month Simian & Shyster will publish the final installment of the Spurious George series; and thanks to some brilliant smuggling techniques we proudly present this month's...

CRAZY Children's Classics

Writer and Artist: Michael Carlin





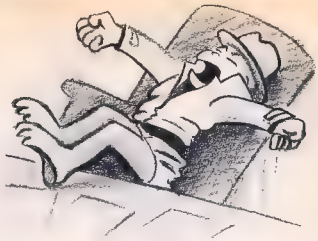
My name is George. Spurious George. I'm a gumshoe. A private eye. This here's my partner, the man in the yellow hat. Sometimes this job's murder on a guy... but it's a livin'.

It was hot that day in August.

"Hot enough for a double-scoop of chocolate ice-cream, George?", asked the man in the yellow hat.

It was that hot.

I tossed a coupla coins to the man in the yellow hat and sent him out for the frozen dairy relief from New York's sweltering sauna.



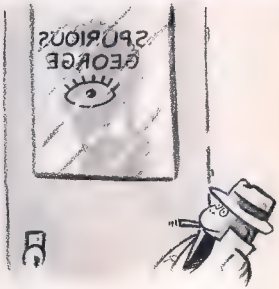
Business was slow. Slower'n a seventy-eight at forty-five. Slower'n a blob of ketchup in a TV commercial. Slower'n —

There was a knock. *KNOCK!*

The door flew open and in came the man in the yellow hat... sans my cold cream!

Double-cross me, eh?

I would've plugged him right then and there if he hadn't kissed the linoleum with a knife in his back.



I glanced up from the man in the yellow hat and red shirt and saw the silhouette of a dame outside my office door.

If I gotta tell ya how I knew it was a broad, you're not old enough to be readin' this book... and it's back to "Highlights" for you.

I hot-footed it out into the hall and caught an eyeful of skirt. She was wearing blue chiffon. Two seconds and already I had it bad for this tomato.

This babe was a double-scooper. She was that hot.

Somehow I knew this dame spelled danger. Danger with a capital DANG!

Could she know something about my partner's murder? Probably not... but I had to know for sure.

I was curious.

I made a move towards her; she turned and ran down a staircase. By the time I had gotten to the top of the stairs all I found was a flimsy undergarment.

She'd given me the slip.

I jumped in an elevator, hoping to beat the floozy to the lobby. I waited downstairs incognito, utilizing one of my best cognitos.

The chiffon blew by so I dropped my cover and tailed her to a sleazy dive on the west side. I shadowed her into a dingy back room.

"Evenin' Georgie. I knew the doll in the blue chiffon would bring you runnin'."

There was a bang. *BANG!*

And everything went black.

My name is the man. The man in the yellow hat. I'm a gumshoe. A private eye. This here's my partner, the doll in the blue chiffon. Sometimes this job's murder on a guy... but it's a livin'.

The End

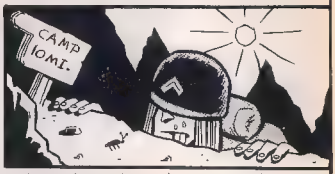
SOMEWHERE NEAR THREE MILE ISLAND
YOU NEVER GIVE ME ANYTHING I WANT!
WELL IF I CAN'T HAVE IT...
...I'M JUST GOING TO HOLD MY BREATH UNTIL I EXPLODE!
THE END

Are you good enough?... Are you dumb enough?... Are you **CRAZY** enough?... To become a...

WOMAN IN THE NEW ARMY?

Writer: Michael Pellowski Artist: J. D. King

A woman in the army is more glamorous, more feminine, more lady-like than ever before! Join now and become a real she-man! Remember! Guys love a gal in uniform! This can be you in just a few short weeks!



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Get away from the boring hum-drum of domestic chores! **LET THE NEW ARMY TEACH YOU A TRADE!**

JOIN!

You may even qualify for officer training if you are bossy enough! We want girls who can nag soldiers until they're fighting mad!

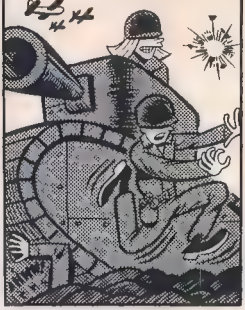
ENLIST!

Have a guy in every port and an ache in every part of your body!

CHOOSE YOUR OWN AREA OF SPECIALIZATION!

ADVANCED MAKE-UP
(We call it camouflage) Learn which shades of rouge and eye shadow can make you look like a palm tree.

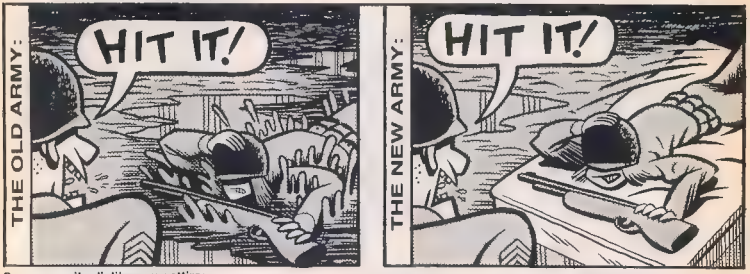
TANK DRIVING
For the first time in your life, hitting things will not only be legal but also fun!



COMMUNICATIONS
Wouldn't it be great to get paid for talking on the radio-phone all day long!

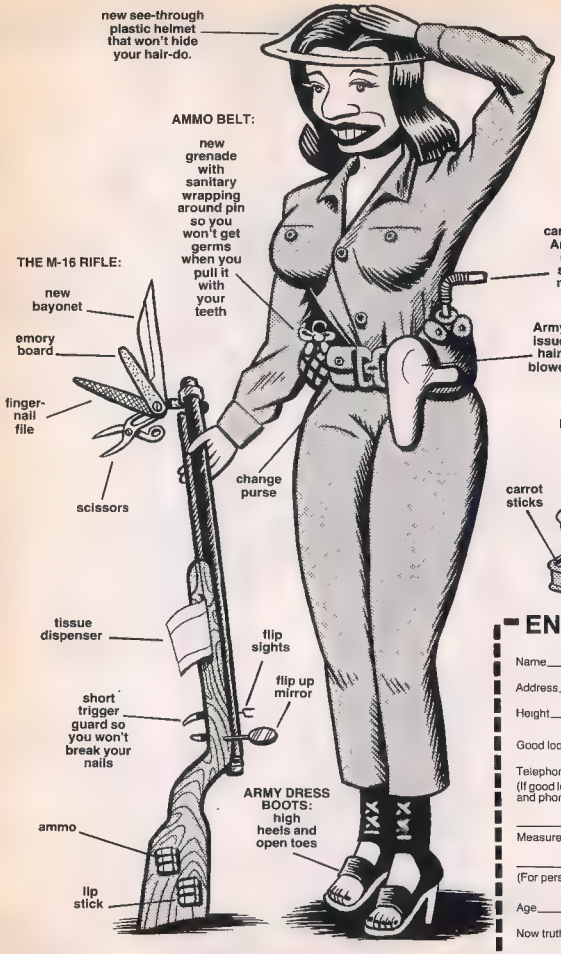
To make Army life more appealing to women some basic training programs have been altered to accomodate modern women...

Some recruits find getting dirty repulsive:



Some recruits dislike army attire:

SOME OF THE MODERNIZED GEAR YOU'LL BE USING IN THE NEW WOMANS ARMY CORPS:



J.D.King

ENLIST NOW!

Name_____

Address_____

Height_____ Weight_____
(Be honest)

Good looking Yes☐ No☐

Telephone_____
(If good looking include hours you're in and phone number of friend)

_____

Measurements

_____ _____ _____
(For personal use by recruiter only)

Age_____

Now truthful age_____

Next of kin_____
(In case you die in boot camp)

CRAZY Looks At

I'm here to visit my uncle, please
I'm sorry, ma'am, but visiting hours are over for today You'll have to come back tomorrow at 10.00
But—he may be **dead** by tomorrow!
Then I suggest you call first. Maybe you can save yourself the trip.
Is what I have contagious?
Let me put it this way... if you have any other questions, call me long distance and I'll be glad to talk to you.
Dr. Plys, I know this will sound strange, but ever since my stomach operation, I've been extremely thirsty . .I've been soaking up liquids like a sponge!
That doesn't sound strange at all. Ever since your operation, we've been **looking** for a missing sponge!
Dr. Murphy, I've heard that you're the best plastic surgeon in the nation. How easy would it be for you to make my nose small enough to look right on my face?
Offhand, I'd say it would be easier to make the rest of your face **larger,** to fit your **nose!**
It looks like we'll have to perform a radical cashectomy.
Radical cashectomy? What does that involve?
The complete separation of you and your money.
I guarantee you, when we re done with this operation, you'll be a new person.
I should hope so! This is a sex-change operation!
The operation isn't **entirely** necessary, Sally, but after reminding myself of the other important factor, I'd say you should have it
What other important factor?
Oh, nothing... just a 40-foot sailboat I've had my eye on since August.

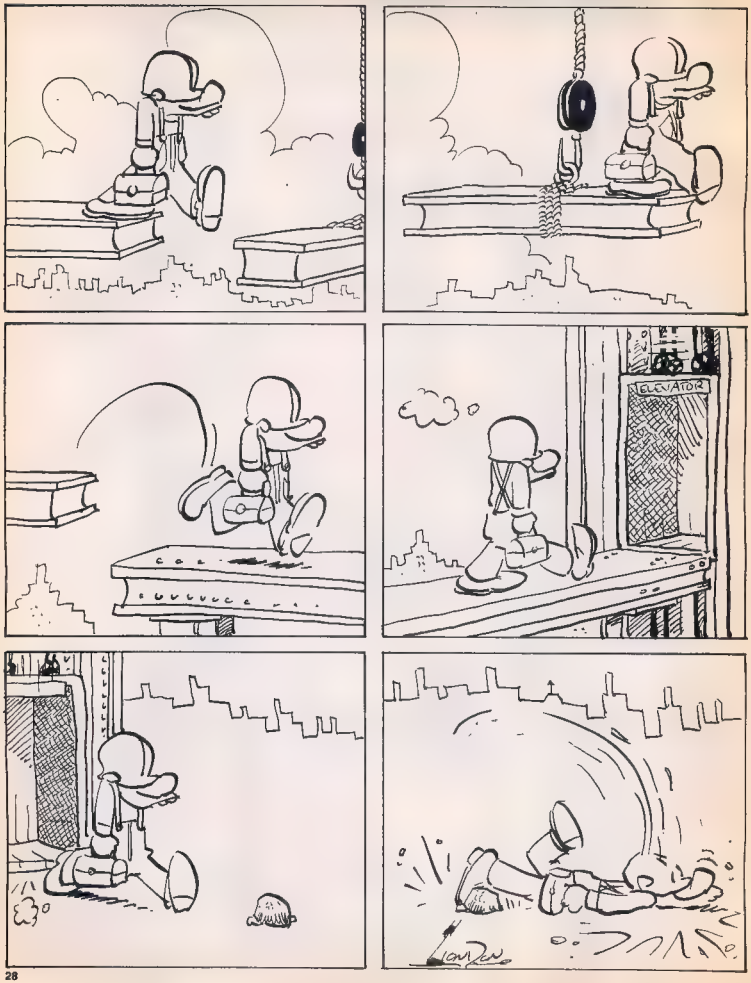
The Hospital

Writer: Robert Leighton
Artist: Ned Sonntag

Well, would you say it was a success?
Well, yes and no.. It was the best knee surgery we've ever done... the cleanest, the fastest, we had the knee stitched up in no time.
Doctor, why do we wear all these things on our faces?
So if we mess something up, our chances of being recognized are slim!
Your wife having a baby?
Yeah
MATERNITY WARD
Your first?
No, my second. My first walked out on me and is living with a milkman in Chicago.
Well, then, what was wrong?
The patient. I just remembered he was here for a tonsillectomy. The knee patient is **tomorrow!**
I meant first **baby**, not **wife!**
I **knew** what you meant. Kids grow up **fast** these days.
Now, we'll be locating the bronchius principalis and doing a surgical cut up to the vena cava superior, being careful not to...
Yes? Dr Wedekind? Do you have a comment?
Yeah... can you warn me in advance when the blood comes, so I don't get sick?
He's got a full-body twitch. It wraps him up like a pretzel.
Is it serious?
I can see! I can see!
Wait until he gets my bill... he won't be able to **talk!**
Well, Mr. Steinberg, I'm happy to say we removed that ugly lump you used to walk around with on your arm
You mean — you got ride of my wife?!
No, actually, if you ask me it's pretty **funny!**

CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 2

THE HARDHAT



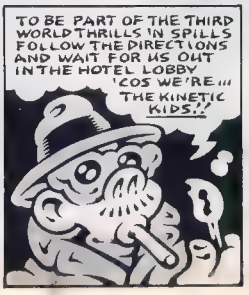
A
DAILY POOP

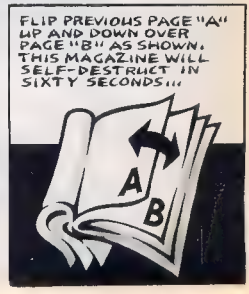
The KINETIC KIDS

An OPTIKINETICOMIC by Steve Mellor

in "MISSION at MIDNITE!"

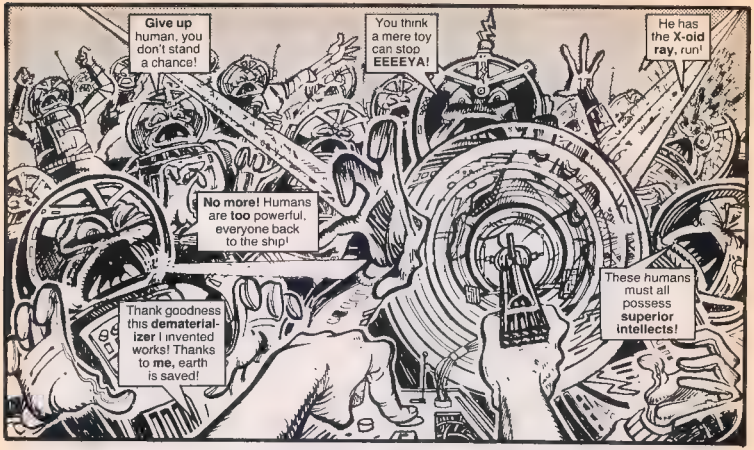
AGENT BRISBAINE HERE. DON'T LOOK AT ME, JUST READ! ME AND THE BOYS HAVE BEEN "ENLISTED" BY CERTAIN AUTHORITIES FOR SOME FUN SPY STUFF.
LICENSE TO KILL


TO BE PART OF THE THIRD WORLD THRILLS 'N SPILLS FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS AND WAIT FOR US OUT IN THE HOTEL LOBBY 'COS WE'RE... THE KINETIC KIDS!!

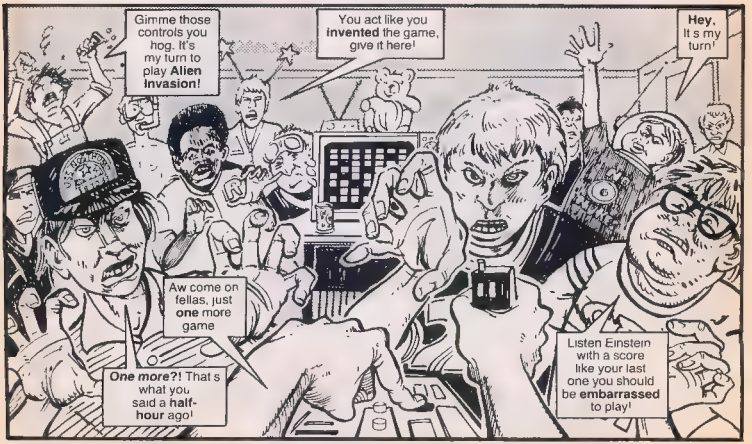


B
CLIK!
FTOON!

THE HORRIFIC FANTASY AND...


Give up human, you don't stand a chance!
You think a mere toy can stop EEEEYA!
He has the X-oid ray, run!
No more! Humans are too powerful, everyone back to the ship!
These humans must all possess superior intellects!
Thank goodness this dematerial-izer I invented works! Thanks to me, earth is saved!

...THE HARASSED REALITY

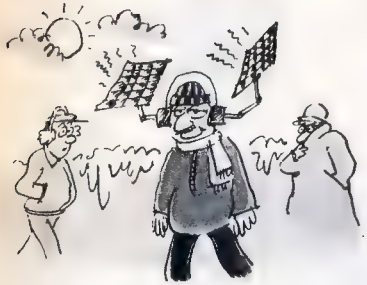

Gimme those controls you hog. It's my turn to play Alien Invasion!
You act like you invented the game, give it here!
Hey, It s my turn!
Aw come on fellas, just one more game
One more?! That s what you said a half-hour ago!
Listen Einstein with a score like your last one you should be embarrassed to play!

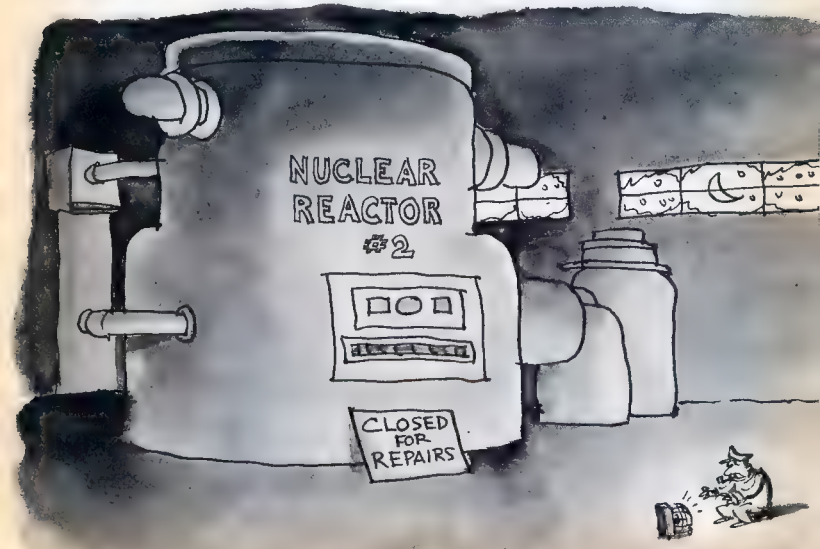
Writer and Artist: Peter Kuper

There's an old proverb that says, "A boil isn't painful – in someone else's armpit." Not that that has anything to do with this article, but it might make you feel better while your teeth chatter, ears tingle, nose drips, knees knock, and you read about...

KEEPING WARM

Written & Illustrated by Dick Codor



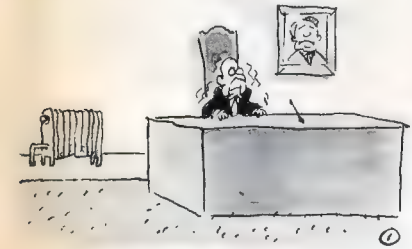


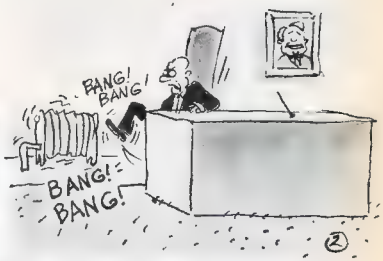
SMALL
WINTER COAT SALE
X-X-LARGE
1
2

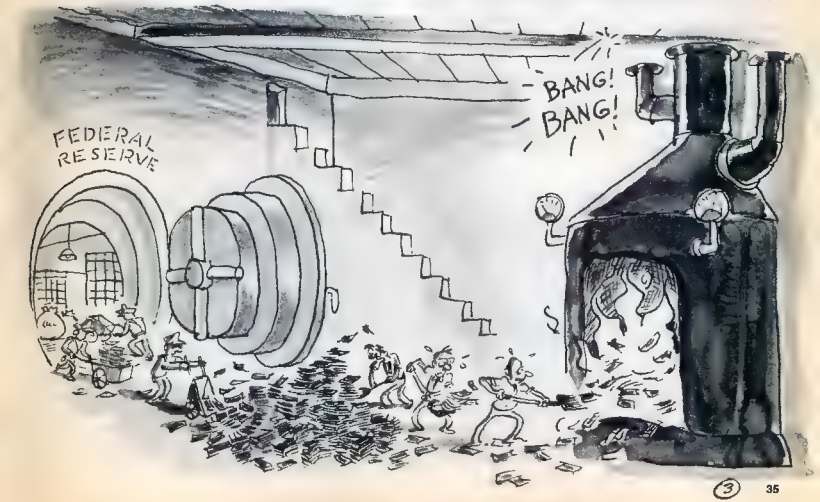
1
2

1
2

POP


1

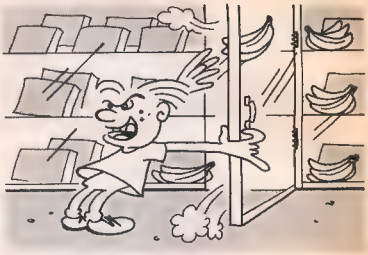

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
2


FEDERAL
RESERVE
BANG!
BANG!
3

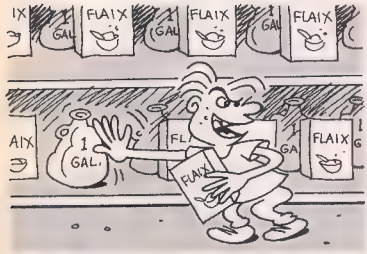
ONE DOZEN W
THE BOREDOM A

Writer and Artist: William Janocha

1. Crack open the sealed caps on soda bottles.

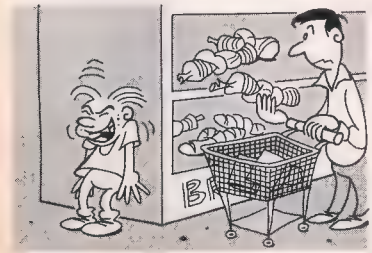


2. Put bananas in the freezer section.



3. Put milk and ice cream on regular shelves in back of other products.

4. Pour tomato juice all over products in meat section.

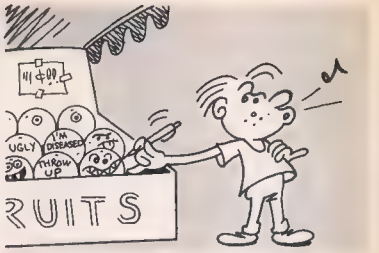


5. Roll and twist your own pretzels out of bread loaves.

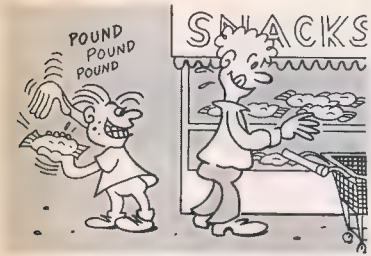
6. Bring vegetable can labels from home and wrap them around dog food cans and place them in appropriate section.

VAYS TO BEAT
T FOOD-O-RAMA

7. Open cereal boxes from the bottom and place back perfectly. Make sure to slash open inner pouch.

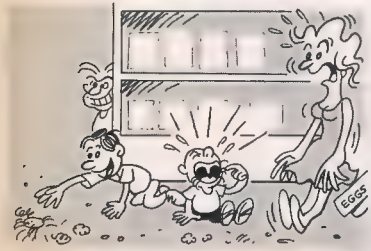


8. Draw faces, phrases, unmentionables, etc. on citrus fruits.



9. Mutilate contents of sealed opaquely packaged candies and fruit pies without disturbing exterior appearance.

10. Put eggs behind magazines and firmly push them back in place.



11. Place cookies, candies, etc. on dusty floors in front of small children.

12. Be prepared to hear your parent scream upon seeing the prices skyrocket the following week.

Writer and Artist:
Michael Carlin

(F) This report is better be in the bagground! See me after class!

Dirk McGirk — Class 5-1
Science — Miss Anne Thrope

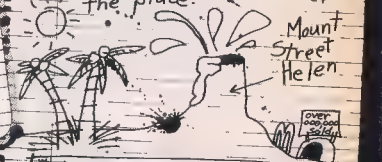
1- Dirk McGirk's Science Report

How Man Revolved!

(a detaled Retrospetum of Prehisterical Man)

by Dirk McGirk

-2- The subjective of my latest report is the very interesting tropic of the revolution of mankind as we know it today. I chewsed this tropic cause it was very interesting. It all begined many many many many many years ago in the Archiozoik Error.* There was nothing on Erth besept volcanines which were corrupting all the time throwing hot halva all over the place.



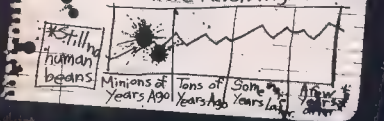
*There was no human beans yet.

-3- Microscrapic Aminals → Microscrapic Aminals Magnifried Bullions of Times

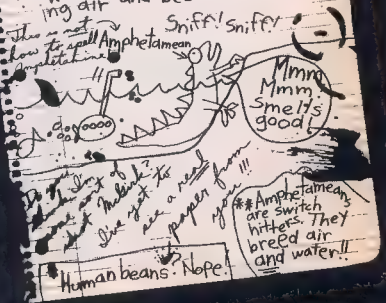
When the halva cooled down it formed mountins during the Crimptozoik Error.* Small microscrapic plants and aminals such as ameegers and Prolyceums began to appear in the oceans.

The creetures of Erth were begining to revolve by leaping bounds. The small aminals grew up to become algees.

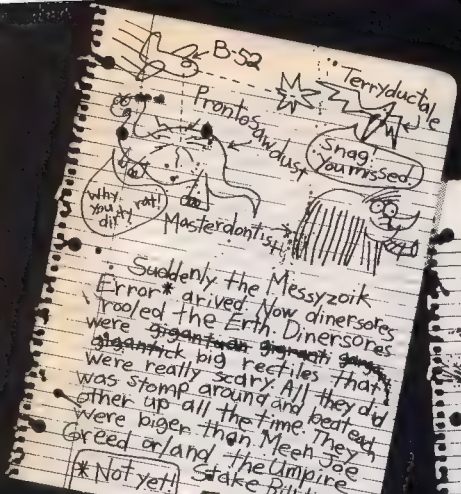
Scientritic Chart Showing How Fast Aminals Were Revolving



-4- The Scalyozoik Error* was next and the before mentioned algees had growed into full pledged fishes and (B) amphetameans** The amphetameans crawled out of the water and started breeding air and became rectiles.



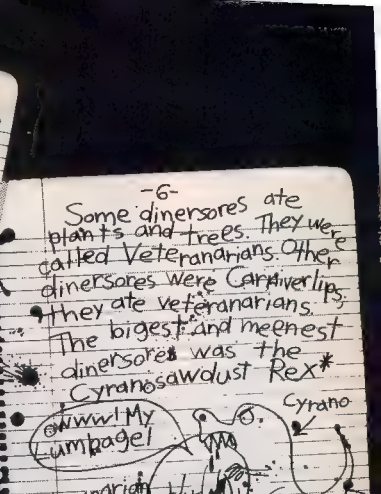
**Amphetameans are switch hitters. They breed air and water!!



Suddenly the Messyzoik Error* arived. Now dinersores trooled the Erth. Dinersores were ~~gigantanic gigranth gangs~~ gigantick big reetiles that were really scary. All they did was stomp around and beat each other up all the time. They were biger than Meen Joe Greed or/and the Umpire Stake Billding

* Not yet!

-5-


-6-
Some dinersores ate plants and trees. They were called Veteranarians. Other dinersores were Carniverlips. They ate veteranarians. The bigest and meenest dinersores was the Cyranosawdust Rex*
Cyrano
Wwww! My Lumbage!
Veteranarian

Erth had an Ice Age ~~ow~~ sometime in here and all the gminals caught colds and dyed.

*Cyran=Big/Sawdust=Gizard/Rex=Rex

-7-

When Erth warmed up it entered the Censozoik Error* which is otherwide knowed as The Yawn of Man. Man lived in craves and was the first animal to hunt with manmaid tools and to invent shoping malls to buy clothes in. Man went thru many stages of envelopme before he reached the Pinnacle of his existance.

* Human beans!

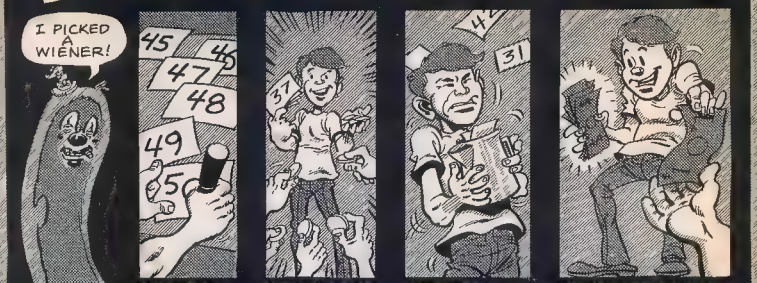
Bookography:

1. "Then to Now- Wha Happened?" by Nat Burnbaum
2. "Dinersores, Dinersores, and More Dinersores" by Dr. Carl Sagg
3. "Man: Mith or Muffin?" by Julie Chilled
4. "1,000,000,000,000,000,000 Years B.C." (4:30 Movie starring Rockel Welsh
5. "The Flimstones." The Ending. Again!

* Plese look at our other paper from the Mind Stave Museum

CHARITY FUND-RAISING: Make sure it's *legal in your state* before ya...

PICK A WINNER



Take some index cards an' number 'em 1-50.

Now sell 'em for 25¢ to the kids after school.

Then put th' numbers 1-50 in a coffee pot, mix, an' pick a winner.

Give th' winner a dollar, an' donate the rest o' th' profits to a worthy charity.

MISTAKE No. 27

OBNOXIO THE CLOWN

Writer: Virgil Diamond Artist: Alan Kupperberg

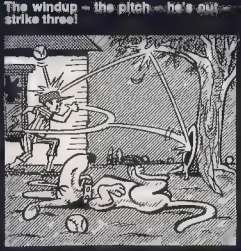
Ya gotta be a good athlete, 'cuz if ya ain't, th' gang'll think yer a wimp. So start developin' yer baseball competence by followin' a daily program of...

TOILET SEAT PITCHING PRACTICE

Dismantle a toilet seat.

Lean it up against a tree.

The windup – the pitch – he's out – strike three!



MY CIGAR WENT OUT!

IMPORTANT– when yer workout's over, remember t'return th' seat so's to not inconvenience any family members.

You'll probably need a smaller shirt size if ya get trapped underneath one o' these...

Animals Which Can Crush Your Chest

B E A R
E L R H I
S E B E N O
R P E Z T
O H A N

HOW TO PLAY: Th' names o' 5 rib-crunchin' beasts are hidden in th' word search to th' left. You'll find 'em by lookin' across, up, an' down. Then circle 'em.

ANSWERS:
Bear, Rhino, Elephant, Zebra, Horse.

FUNPAGES

Winter Warmth: Ears are important, 'specially fer hearin' gossip. So take care of 'em this winter by makin' yerself a pair o'...

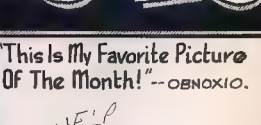
STEEL WOOL EAR MUFFS

Slit th' center of 2 Brillo pads.

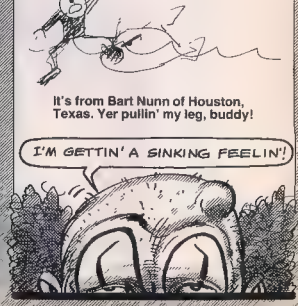
Slide a belt through the slits...

...an face th' elements!

"This Is My Favorite Picture Of The Month!" -- OBNOXIO.



It's from Bart Nunn of Houston, Texas. Yer pullin' my leg, buddy!



Shake your **bod**, suaropod! It's **Behemoth Jack...** heavenly host of

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SPECIAL

Writer: David Allikas
Artist: Dave Morris

Featuring the latest rock hits... as they sounded **before** eleventh-hour revisions!

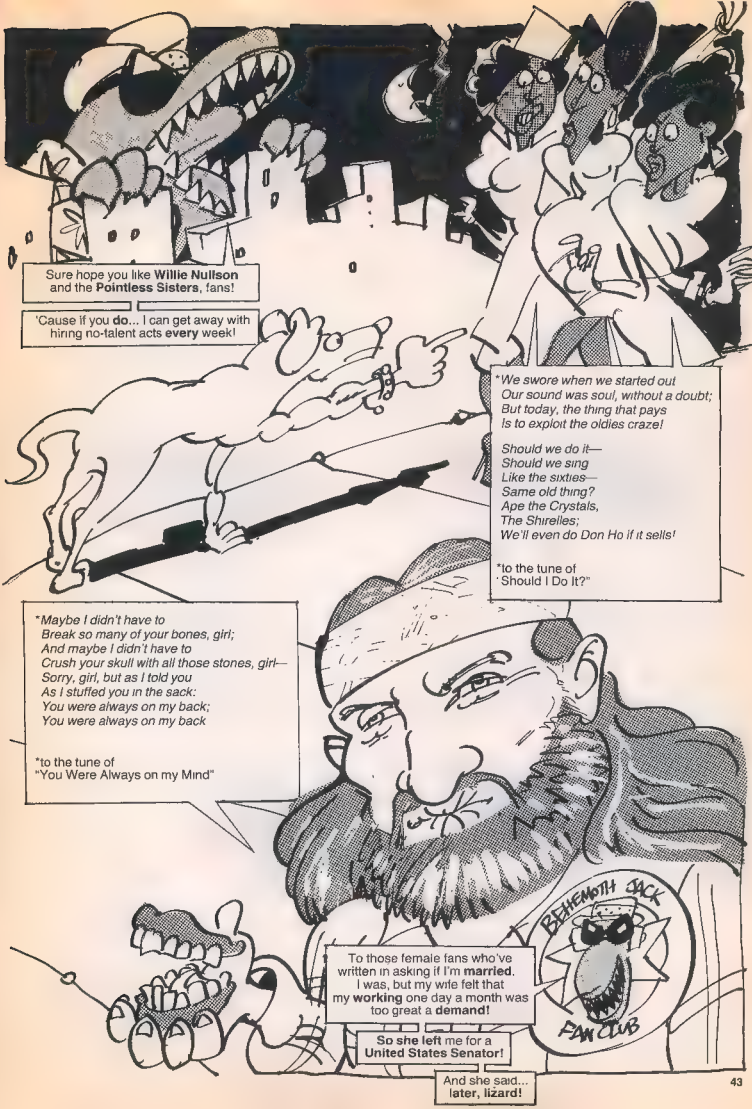
This song by **Paul McBarfney** and **Stevie Blunder** headed the Top 40 for **weeks!** Guess # s 2-39 must've consisted of **airpalne static!**

*Ebon he and ivory me
Sing together to shake the money tree
With a brotherhood message we'll fake
We'll make
Quite a fee!

We both know
That people stand in line to give us their dough
There are lots and lots of jerks around;
Simpy songs
And pseudo-jazz arrangements
By themselves, always sold;
Together, they're gold!

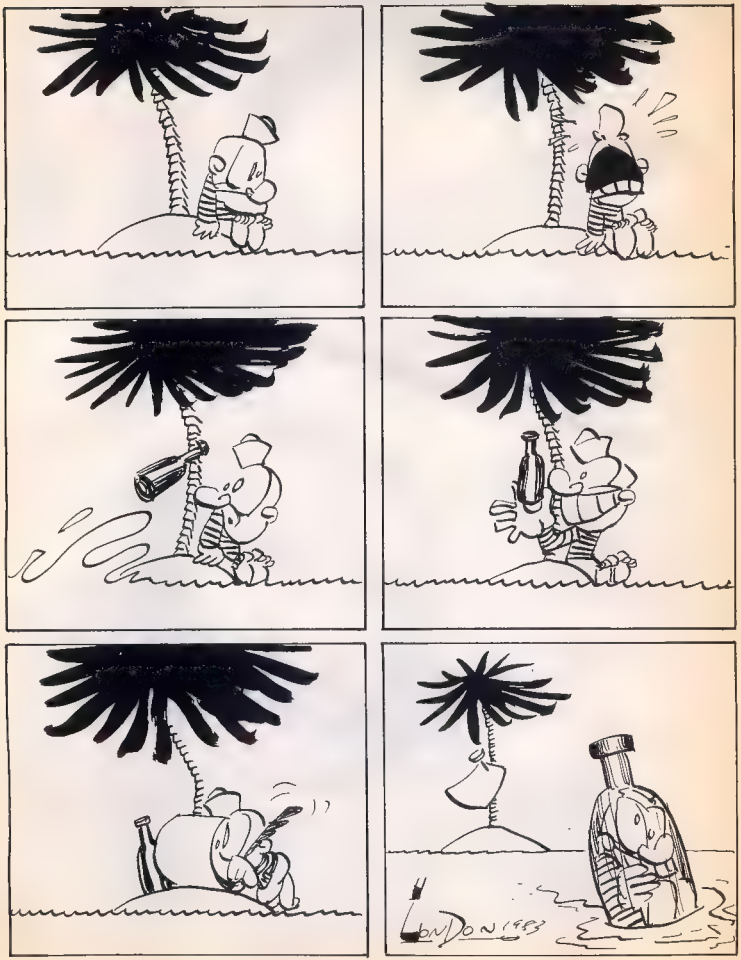
That's why
Ebon he and ivory me
Counting money together, quite agree
We don't care if we both sound
As dumb
As some
Chimpanzee!

*to the tune of "Ebony and Ivory"


Sure hope you like **Willie Nullson** and the **Pointless Sisters**, fans!
'Cause if you **do**... I can get away with hiring no-talent acts **every** week!
*We swore when we started out
Our sound was soul, without a doubt;
But today, the thing that pays
Is to exploit the oldies craze!
Should we do it—
Should we sing
Like the sixties—
Same old thing?
Ape the Crystals,
The Shirelles;
We'll even do Don Ho if it sells!
*to the tune of "Should I Do It?"
*Maybe I didn't have to
Break so many of your bones, girl;
And maybe I didn't have to
Crush your skull with all those stones, girl—
Sorry, girl, but as I told you
As I stuffed you in the sack:
You were always on my back;
You were always on my back
*to the tune of "You Were Always on my Mind"
To those female fans who've written in asking if I'm **married**. I was, but my wife felt that my **working** one day a month was too great a **demand**!
BEHEMOTH JACK FAN CLUB
So she left me for a **United States Senator!**
And she said... **later, lizard!**

CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 3

THE CASTAWAY



What do John Lennon, Natalie Wood, William Holden and John Belushi have in common? Well, while you're pondering the perplexities of that particular puzzle, please allow us to introduce you to one of the greatest games to ever come down the pike...

DR. DOOM'S GAME OF DEATH

A GAME TO END ALL GAMES!
A PERILOUS PAST-TIME FOR TWO TO FOUR PLAYERS!

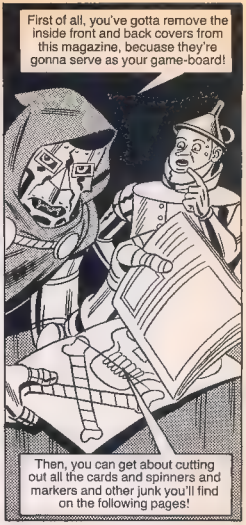
(...or, if more of you guys — say, like, six of you — wanna play, you'll just have to go out and purchase another copy of this magazine. Then, three of you can play one game and three can play the other. And so on.)

Writer: Steve Skeates Artist: Paul Kirchner

Remember the Viet Nam War? No, probably not But let's go back there anyway . and watch as a bunch of soldiers within a fetid tent while away the hours...
It's your turn Rizzo!
HOME SWEET HOLE
There's only one bullet in there!
So spin the chamber. then put the pistol to your temple, and...
Okay, okay! Don't treat me like a kid! I know what to do!
CLICK!
Whew!
All right, you're next, Savin!
What's wrong, Savin! You chicken?
N-now wait a m-minute, guys – I don't wanna play this game anymore!
Bawk! Bawk!
5.56 MM BHO RDS
N-no, no, guys! I'm not sc-scared! Really I'm n-not!
It's just that we play Russian Roulette all the time! And I'd rather play something that's more of a challenge!
...something like Dr Doom's Game of Death!
GAME OF DEATH
Wow! Doctor Doom! Ain't he that dude who's always showin up in Fantastic Four comics?
Hoo-boy! This sounds real glitzy!
How do we play, Savin? C'mon, tell us – how do we play?

Hi there, all you discerning readers you! It's me, your old pal Dr. Doom, here to make a most important introduction...
...for CRAZY magazine, in its infinite wisdom, has seen fit to up-date one of the most popular games of the 1960's.
...mainly because these times are getting to be just about as weird as those times were!

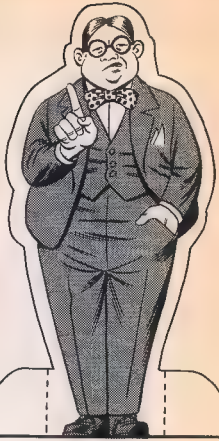
It's called "The Game of Death," and all those rock musicians and enlisted men you don't hear about anymore undoubtedly played this game!
...but let's forget about the 60's for the moment and think instead about now!
...because now it's time for you to go get your scissors, your paste and your cardboard!
PASTE


First of all, you've gotta remove the inside front and back covers from this magazine, becuase they're gonna serve as your game-board!
Then, you can get about cutting out all the cards and spinners and markers and other junk you'll find on the following pages!

As for the spinner and the markers, it might be a good idea to paste that whole page onto a thin piece of cardboard before you start cutting that stuff out... that'll make those things all the more sturdier!
Now, this is where the pin comes in!
Oh, did I forget to tell you you'll need a pin? Well, you're gonna need a pin!

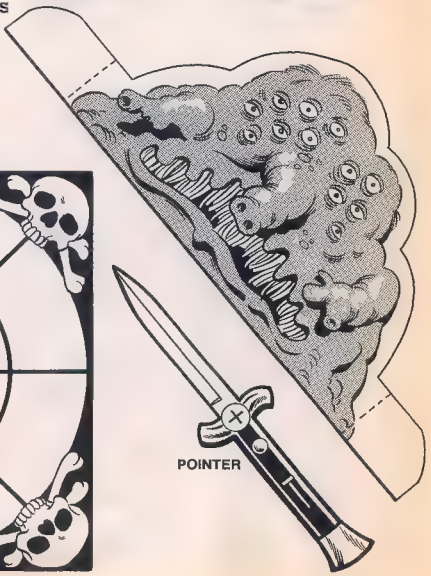
Now what you do with the pin is shove it through the center of the pointer and the center of the spinner so that then the pointer spins around atop the spinner.
Then, once you've folded the markers along the dotted lines so that they'll stand up, you're ready to play!

But before you start playing, it might be a good idea to go out and get some life insurance!
Then at least someone (your parents maybe) will at least profit off the fate that's bound to befall you!
Have fun!



MARKERS

SPINNER



POINTER

This is an official classified **GAME OF DEATH** file card to be used only in conjunction with Doctor Doom's official **GAME OF DEATH** as exclusively published in **CRAZY** magazine (available nowhere near as many places as it should be)

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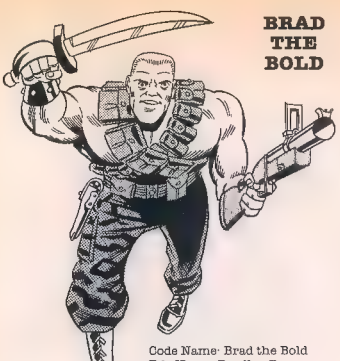
BRAD THE BOLD



Code Name: Brad the Bold
File Name: Bradley B. Bradford III
SN. ABC1234567890
Height: 6' 12"
Weight. 245 lbs. of muscle
Age: 22
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blond
Weapons: broadsword, luger, garrote, M-1911A1, M 79, BAR.

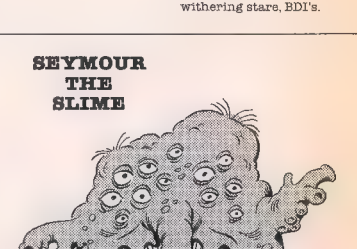
MICHAEL THE MAGNIFICENT

Code Name: Michael the Magnificent
File Name. Debbie Schwartz
SN: XYZ9876543210
Height: 5' 9"
Weight. 129 lbs.
Age: classified
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Wavy
Weapons: mace, pam, cross-stiching, withering stare, BDI's.

STEVE THE SPIFFY

Code Name: Steve the Spiffy
Pen Name. Warrin Savin
BS: 1-607-587-9202
Height: 5' 11¾"
Weight: 212 lbs. soaking wet
Age: 39
Eyes: Blue
Nose Red Hair· Lt. Brown
Weapons. rapier wit, biting sarcasm, purple prose.

SEYMOUR THE SLIME



Code Name: Seymour the Slime
File Name. Disgusting Monstrosity
SN: 00000-000-0
Height: 3' 4"
Weight: 457½ lbs.
Age. 5
Eyes. Twelve
Hair. Blue
Weapons: BO, halitosis, terminal dandruff, zits.

Ha! Ha!
You're dead,
you craven
coward!

Ha! Ha!
You're dead,
you communist
lackey!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you
running dog
of capitalism!

Ha! Ha!
You're dead,
you creeping
sociologist!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you loser
in the game
of life!

Ha! Ha!
You're dead,
you famous
rock star!

Ha! Ha!
You're dead,
you pea-brained
mutant!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you
easy-going
and charming
individual!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you minor
irritation!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you gumball
with ears!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you
putrefying pile
of parrot
phlegm!

Ha! Ha! You're
dead, you bloated
bilious bozo!

THE
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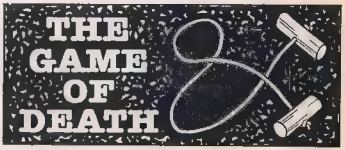
THE
GAME
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DEATH

No, I'm not! I was only faking it!

No, I'm not! I was only in a temporary coma!

No, I'm not! I was only grazed in the temple!

No, I'm not! I was only grazed in the knee-cap!

No, I'm not! I was only grazed in the shoulder!

No, I'm not! I was only grazing in the pasture!

No, I'm not! I was only bleeding profusely!

No, I'm not! I was only superficially wounded!

No, I'm not! I was only communing with nature!

No, I'm not! I was only out to lunch!

No, I'm not! I was only lying down for a few seconds!

No, I'm not! I was only being a silly so-and-so!

THE GAME OF DEATH
THE GAME OF DEATH
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THE GAME OF DEATH

Proceed immediately to E, then slip this card back in the pile.

If and when you die, you can take someone with you. So know who your friends are. And your enemies.

Crawl on your belly to F, then slip this card back in the pile.

You may kill either Brad the Bold or Michael the Magnificent whenever you want! But don't REALLY kill him. Just tell him to leave the game. Okay?

Proceed immediately to G, then slip this card back in the pile.

Go back to start... and begin all over again, even as everyone *else* is having a great time wiping each other out right and left!

Walk don't run to H, then slip this card back in the pile.

Crawl on your belly to E, then slip this card back in the pile.

You may kill either Steve the Spiffy or Seymour the Slime whenever you want! But don't REALLY kill him. Just tell him to leave the game.

Proceed immediately to H, then slip this card back in the pile.

After you have gone to G, you can slip this card back into the pile.

The time has come for you to go directly onto that space with the big "F" on it. After you've done that, slip this card back into the pile whence you got it in the first place.

THE
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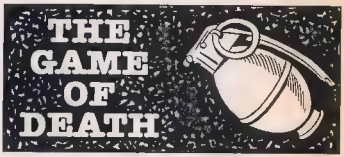
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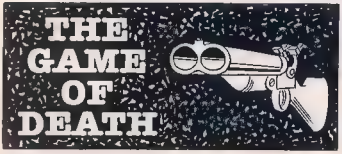
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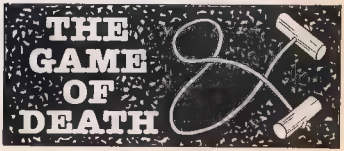
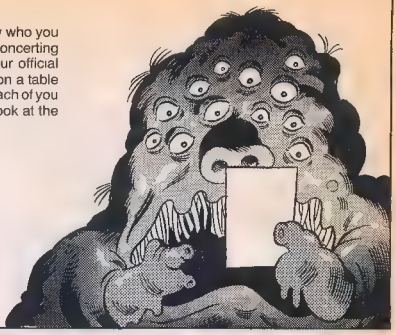

THE
GAME
OF
DEATH

And now, the eminent Doctor Victor von Doom, speaking on behalf of the international Game of Death
Good evening, folks..
Did you know that Death is the second largest killer, not only in this country alone, but throughout the entire world as well?
But now you no longer have to just sit there and take it! Now you can beat Death at his own game!
..or, at least beat your friends at Death's own game... simply by playing this game!
But how the heck do you play? – that's undoubtedly the question you're asking yourself right now, isn't it?
I mean so far we've given you spinners and cards and a lot of neat pictures of yours truly, but we haven't told you what you're supposed to do with it all, have we?
Well that's because we like to save the best for the last!
And, this time around we're going to try not to leave any numbers or letters out, or make any silly last-minute changes..
In other words, this time, our directions just might make sense!
HATE MAIL
FAN MAIL
So, hold onto your heads (not to mention your hats)
because here we go!
directly into direction!and!

STEP ONE:

In this world of kill or be killed, you don't even know who you are yet, do you? Well then, in order to solve this disconcerting identity crisis of yours, why don't you place the four official classified GAME OF DEATH file cards face down on a table and mix them all up? There, wasn't that fun? Now, each of you players should pick one of these cards and then look at the other side. This will tell you who the heck you are.



STEP TWO:

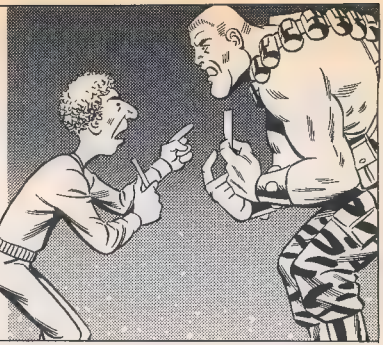
Now that each of you knows who you are, you can forget about the file cards for the moment, and concentrate instead upon all those smaller cards we had you cut out. Now the first two pages of these cards (the "Ha Ha, You're Dead" cards and the "No I'm Not" cards) are supposed to be shuffled and passed out, so that each player gets an equal number (or nearly equal number) of them. The third page of cards (the other cards) are supposed to be placed face down upon the game-board (preferably in the appropriate marked space).

STEP THREE:

Okay, now go back and look at your individual chosen file card again, then find the marker that corresponds to said file card and place it upon the "Start Here" space as found upon the game-board. Have all of you placed your markers upon the game-board? Good. Now, you can start playing the game proper, which means it's time for each of you in turn to spin the spinner. See the numbers in the inner circle of the spinner (the numbers from one to four)? Well, these are the numbers you are supposed to use in your first spin. After that you can (and, in fact, must) use the outer numbers (from one to *eight*).

STEP FOUR:

All right, now that you've got your markers moving, please allow us to explain how you go about CHALLENGING an opponent. First of all, if you land on a space already occupied by another player, you may challenge this player — and to do that, you take a "Ha Ha, You're Dead" card out of your hand (the cards that were passed to you earlier) and slap it down on the table in front of him. Now, if he has a "No, I'm Not" card, he can counter your move by slapping his "No, I'm Not" card on top of your "Ha Ha, You're Dead" card. (then, these two cards are slipped into the middle of the deck of cards you already placed upon the gameboard — see also: Step Two.) However, if he doesn't have a "No, I'm Not" card, that he's out of the game.



STEP FIVE:

Needless to day, there is more than one way to CHALLENGE an opponent. For example, if you land upon a space which says "CHALLENGE" then you can challenge any player you wish to challenge, by again slapping a "Ha Ha, You're Dead" card in front of him, forcing him to cough up a "No, I'm Not" card or else get out of the game and do it now, you sucker! The last person left in the game (i.e.: left alive) is, of course, the winner.

STEP SIX:

However, if you really want to play this game the way it should be played in the 80's, then don't play to win. Rather, play to lose. After all, suicide is all the rage nowadays, especially among teenagers. So, why should you be any different? Why should you be left out in the cold? C'mon, climb aboard this self-destructive train of thought and play for that prize which transcends silly board games published in CRAZY magazine — play to really truly and finally lose. But, above all, enjoy yourself.

And there you have it, folks – a game for the entire family, providing of course your family is similar to the Manson family.
Remember them? They were this bunch of murderers who–
LAUNDRY TO GO– DON'T STARCH ME SHORTS!
Oh, never mind. Just concentrate on one fact the family that preys together, stays together!
And now, if you'll excuse me, I've gotta get back to concocting my latest and greatest devious plot against the Fantastic Four! This time those goody-goodies are really gonna be in trouble, because I've–
Wait! What was that noise—
Good God! What are you people doing here? You've got no right to come barging into my private lair like that! Why, I ought to –
Shut-up, Doom!
We've had it with you, fella!
We're fed up with the way you made fun of us in this silly game of yours!
The readers may have thought we were just made-up characters! But we're real! And now we're going to make you pay for all the stupid things you said about us – true though they may be!
Grooble, grooble!
No! Get away! You can't
YARRRRGH!

Boy, the bigot Archie played,
Of the censors unafraid
Always called a spade a spade –
Them's was the days!

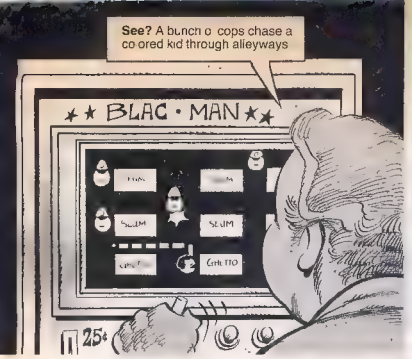
And the shows were always great,
Acting that was just first-rate;
Now the most exciting plot is
"Stuffie tongues on a date."

Archie has become a bore,
No more Emmys, that's for sure,
Don't know what we're watching for –
Them's was the days!

Archie's Bonkers Place

Writer: David Allikas Artist: Kent Gamble

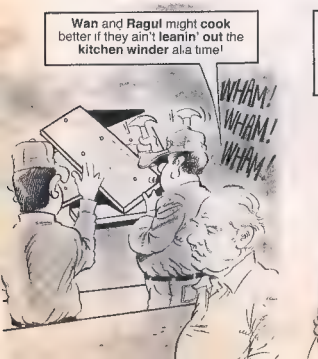
Arch! What're they bringin' in them 1948 TV's for?
Them's videogames, Hairy the first in a series of innervations that're gonna put us back in the black.
financially speakin', that is!
I'm gonna win back all the business we lost t' that new bar down the block!
I had 'em made up special! Get a load o this.
Beer
JOE
RALPH'S

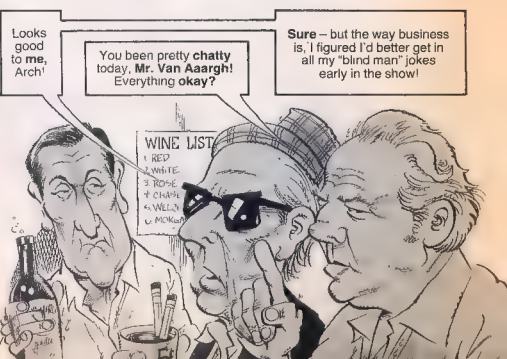

See? A bunch o cops chase a co ored kid through alleyways
BLAC • MAN
25¢

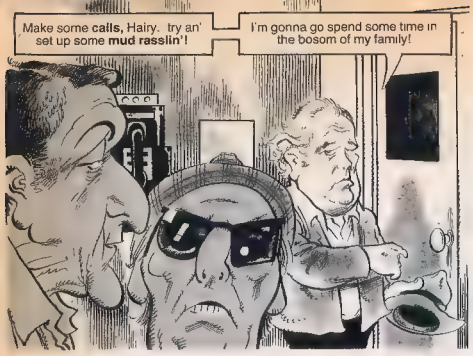
In this one, a nerd o P.R.'s try ta move onta yer block! You gotta blast their '68 Chevys!
RACE INVADERS

Arch - you can't install games like these!
Frankly I can't see it either!

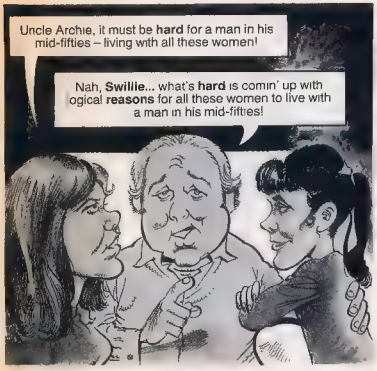
We don't got no opinion either way – we just gonna hang out here an' be ethnic!
Now for my next business-boosting device...
MENU
HAMBURGER


Wan and Ragul might cook better if they ain't leanin' out the kitchen winder alla time!
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!


Looks good to me, Arch!
You been pretty chatty today, Mr. Van Aaargh! Everything okay?
Sure – but the way business is, I figured I'd better get in all my "blind man" jokes early in the show!
WINE LIST
1 RED
2 WHITE
3 ROSE


Make some **calls,** Hairy. try an' set up some **mud rasslin'!**
I'm gonna go spend some time in the bosom of my family!

And with **my** family, I do mean **bosom!**


Uncle Archie, it must be **hard** for a man in his mid-fifties – living with all these women!
Nah, **Swillie...** what's **hard** is comin' up with logical **reasons** for all these women to live with a man in his mid-fifties!

I just about **filled** my long-lost-niece quota, an'...
Whoops! Gotta **go!** Other wise, there won't be no basis for our bi-weekly "Stuffie is hurt cause Archie doesn't spend enough time with her" story!

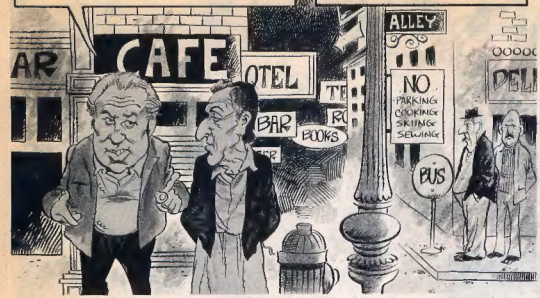
I'll **tell** ya... with all them girls runnin' around my house, sometimes I **like** comin' here for the peace an' quiet an'...
Archie Bonkers Place

Aww . Geez
BONK

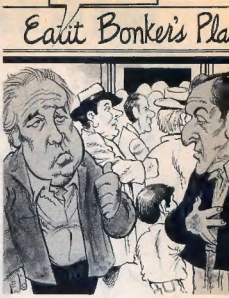
Got you!
No fair! The fat guy's blockin' home plate!
What in Sam Hill is goin' on!?
It's the softball team you're sponsoring, Arch! The uniforms you ordered just came in!
Archie – I think it's great that you're sponsoring a team!
ARCHIE BONKER'S PLACE
Aww, it's nothin', Catheterin...
Sure, you're getting your name on the shirts .but it s still a fine community service!
MENU
BURGERS
FRANKS
SEAFOOD
SPIRITS
You're some swell guy under that stingy, selfish exterior!
Gee you're embarrassin' me, sweetie!
HAPPY HOUR 5-7
WINE
RED
WHITE
ROSE
Hey – Hairy's got the mud-rasslin' goin
Beer!
Yeah – but you can (pant) find yourself another (gasp) wrestler, Arch!
Jeez! I said mud-rasslin', not...
Aww – get cleaned up, Hairy, an' come wit' me!

If I wanna get my customers back, I'll haveta find out what this guy's **angle** is!

He's gotta be some **shrewd business-man!** Maybe even a **Hebe!**



Aw – aw, **no** –!



I thought your wife **died,** Arch!

Nah – I been keepin' her prisoner in my **basement** the last three years!

I guess **Mrs. Cramp** did some heavy-duty **housecleanin'** last week!

Why'd you **do** that to **Eatit?**

To save her **life,** Hairy!

One more season o' that dingbat's **dopey stories** about her relative – and I'd've **killed** her!

But never mind **that!**

I gotta **know** ...how does she pack 'em **in** this way??

And my second cousin... or was it my third? Anyway, her name was Mildred... says to me..."Eatit, you shouldn't slice that cucumber with a grapefruit knife!" I says, why **not?** She says...

MICHAEL CARLIN'S PAGE O' STUFF.

SINCE 1681

IT'S FAR BLEEPIN' OUT!

GOTTA TALK FAST... THERE'S SO MUCH STUFF THIS TIME THAT I CAN'T FIT IT ALL... SO JUST STUFF IT, KIDS...

HI, BUNNY. YOU GOIN' TO THE HOP?

PILOT LIGHT TO CO-PILOT LIGHT, BAIL OUT! SHE'S GOIN' DOWN!!

ELLY MAY CLAMPETT

DAN, THE AMAZING SWORD SWALLOWER

AND THEN AGAIN... ELLY MAY NOT!

I ONCE SHOT AN ELEPHANT IN MY PAJAMAS, HOW HE GOT THERE, I'LL NANOO NANOO!

THEY'RE TOO LOOSE!

LAUTREC'S TAILOR SHOP

'BOUT TIME I KICKED THAT NASTY HOBBIT!

BOOT!

M. Carlin

CLAM BAR

PTOOEY!

?

URP!

GROUCHO MORKS

COMMERCIALS THAT DRIVE YOU CRAZY NO.52

I'm the world's richest man and I want to buy your cookie business.
KNOCK KNOCK
Neebler
Sorry, only our delicious cookies are for sale.
For over two-hundred years we've baked our cookies in this tree.
XXX
Then I'll buy the tree.
No way. (chuckle-chuckle.)
Arrest them!
What for!!
CLACK
Contaminating trees with Dutch elf disease.
COMING SOON SUPER SHOPPING MALL

Writer and Artist: Dick Codor

Scan ed editing aquila della notte

Partners:

Mal32, wally67, Superdan

Marvellous ed altri

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